Now we were round the point and the lights
of the curving water-front of the little town
shone out like fallen stars. We held on. A man
came forrard and I asked him our sailing points.
He pointed out at length two red stars which we
must get in line in order to swing in through the
entrance in the reef. The wind sung in the cordage,
the spray whipped one's face, we seemed to ride
slowly over a limitless ocean.

I thought as I swung there how at last one got
a human proportion back to life- The mass of
Tahiti loomed out like some vast unknown conti-
nent whereon the whole pageant of human life
might be lived and fought, its great mountains
brooding above us, its great folds reaching down
to the infinite sea. The little ship lifted and
groaned and strained, and I was part of her, and
gloried in her, and suffered with her. When some
Hotel Cecil is wafted across the

Atlantic in five days you think nothing except that the steward might bring your whiskey-and-soda a shade quicker. But out there in the dark night making an island landfall I knew I was a scrap of a thing and that the gods were gods. It is all a lie that